

# "STAGE AND SCREEN"



ONE OF THE RUBIN  
SISTERS  
AT  
KEITH'S



MARIE PREVOST AT MOORE'S RIALTO



CORINNE  
GRIFFITH  
AT  
CRANDALL'S



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG AT LOEW'S PALACE



ANNA  
WOOD WITH  
"MIMIC WORLD"  
AT  
GAYETY



SHANNON DAY IN "ONE CLEAR CALL" AT METROPOLITAN



PERCY HELTON IN "SEVENTEEN" AT GARRICK TONIGHT

## STAGE ARBITER, WEARING PINK EYE-GLASSES, SEES SQUAR' DEAL FOR NATIVES

By HAROLD W. PHILLIPS.

MR. AUGUSTUS THOMAS, overlord of the legitimate theater and hence to be mentioned by all the wits as the "Judge Landis of the theater" or the "Will Hayes" or the—what was the fellow's name the restaurateurs were thinking of making the Pan-cake King?—Kaladoupolis or something like that; well, as we began to say, before the necessity of classifying the various lords, seers and oracles of this and that necessitated the interlude, Mr. Thomas sees the native American dramatist coming into his own. He sees the new season reveling in a harvest from American pens which will develop a school of drama, not alone entertaining, but reflecting American life to a degree of verisimilitude that is likely to attract only foreigners since the resident Americano (our own patois) can see the same thing at home.



HAROLD PHILLIPS

"Already we have a number of fine examples," says Mr. Thomas. "Such plays as 'Lightnin', 'The First Year', 'To the Ladies' and 'Lulu Bett' show the work of the American playwright is impressed with the stamp of modern times. It is difficult to think of an American producer who doesn't prefer an American play to a European one."

Thus Mr. Thomas concludes. Judge Landis never played professional baseball. Will Hays didn't know a cut-back from an ingenue's complex before he went into the movies, but Augustus Thomas knows the sage as a playwright, a producer and a manager and his experience pre-supposes that he knows what he is talking about, but it is our opinion he's wearing pink eye-glasses.

The European invasion this year just beginning is alarmingly pronounced. Two-thirds of a list of plays for the forthcoming season, published in this department several Sundays ago, were of European extraction. We say "extraction" for, the deification by American mahagers of anything with a European stamp has leveled Olympus' crest in comparison and competition has been proportionately keen. Returning American producers have swept the foreign market clean. They brought back everything except 1922 models of "Sappho" and "Punch and Judy."

Galsworthy, Shaw, Guitry—white-headed boys in European drama favored for Americans—set the vogue and worthily. Tom, Dick, Francois and Hans are riding on the crest of this vogue. Periods, eras and epochs are the result of cycles

of events. The contagion of duplicating the heretofore unduplicated, is all-potent. Someone produces "The Bat" and the two years since has seen no abatement of mystery plays. Another mind conceives an all-colored revue, "Shuffle" (Continued on Page 3.)



TACULLAH BANKHEAD AT BELASCO TONIGHT  
IN "THE EXCITERS"

## Show This Story to Your Husband

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, who has the reputation of being one of the best dressed women on the American stage, purchased a black sable scarf during her recent shopping trip in New York and before returning to Los Angeles insured the same against loss or theft. The insurance policy for this neckpiece read \$10,000.

The scarf consists of ten skins of the famous Russian crown sables, which before the world war were never allowed outside of Russia, for the reason that the Russian black sables were so scarce and so high priced that only the nobility could afford to own them. There are but two other known owners of Russian crown sables in this country.

Miss Young will be seen in her latest picture, "The Hands of Nara," at Loew's Palace today.

## London Theater Season Is Dull and Few Plays Promise Success

By International News Service.

LONDON, Aug. 26.

PROSPECTS of a dull theatrical season stare Londoners in the face.

During the summer months, the social season in London, more than a dozen of the best theaters were closed for lack of profitable productions.

Thousands of readers of Hutchinson's popular novel, "If Winter Comes," will be disappointed to learn that it gives promise of failing as a drama. The provincial reports on the play have been most discouraging.

Meanwhile, Ethel M. Dell's "The Way of an Eagle" continues to thrill and grip London audiences every night.

A. E. Mathews, who has just returned from the United States, bids fair to make a success out of the light comedy, "Quarantine."

"Tons of Money," the greatly overrated farce, which is soon to be produced in the United States, continues to make "tons of money."

John Galsworthy's "Loyalties" continues to pack them in. America's contribution to the stage successes in London is "The Bat."

There is a dearth of musical attractions in London. Charles Cochran has had much success with the American burlesque show, "Chuckles of 1922," "A to Z," with the American Trix Sisters; "The Lady of the Rose," "Whirled Into Happiness" and the undying "Sally" constitute the musical theatrical menu.

Old theatergoers in London have seen all of the current productions and there are no signs of successful fresh attractions.

## Burlesque Stars Begin New Season

MOVING a majority of the thirty-eight companies required to open the Columbia Circuit season of musical burlesque involved a great deal of "railroading" from New York city to the various opening points. On August 23 the first special train ever operated for the exclusive use of burlesque attractions left New York for Chicago in order that the shows might arrive at destination in time for dress rehearsal in the cities where they begin touring the Columbia "wheel," of which the Gayety here is a spoke.

Of the five shows, "Hello Good Times" and "Folly Town" stopped in Chicago to open two of three Columbia circuit theaters there. Eight companies opened in Greater New York and vicinity, while the other companies were dispatched to cities of importance from St. Louis to Boston. Within a week 1,600 players, stage hands and other attaches of Columbia burlesque attractions were started on their season's journeys.

## OLD HISTORY GETS BUSY AND REPEATS ITSELF AS THEATERS OPEN SEASON

By ALAN DALE.



ALAN DALE.

HISTORY really does repeat itself—in spite of the quotation. You think that you're out of a groove and that something brand new is going to occur, and lo! old history gets busy again. Even a new theatrical season that begins with optimistic endeavors turns out, after all, to suggest its predecessor. We smiled at the play entitled "Manhattan," at the Playhouse last Tuesday night, and we wondered how on earth it ever passed rehearsal and why a bland and innocuous new season should get it—right off the reel. And yet, looking through last August's openings, I find that precisely the same sort of production happened, inducing precisely the same brand of wonder.

"Manhattan" was had enough, goodness knows, but think of what we got this time last year, when we saw "March Hares," "Sonny," "The Mask of Hamlet," "The Triumph of X," "Personality," "The Wheel" and "The Poppy God." We made the same remark anent these things as we made Tuesday night in re "Manhattan." It seems inevitable.

"MANHATTAN" appeared to be half-sponsored by an actor—who is usually the very worst kind of playwright. The actor studies life in the theater. Life to him is grease paint, make-up and staginess. For interesting incidents, he never pauses at the real thing, but "remembers" other plays. In some of them, perhaps, he has appeared. Others he has merely seen. He fancies certain roles and he sees particular situations. The authors of "Manhattan" must have pinned their faith to the constantly recurring "Peg o' My Heart" and its saucy and conspicuous heroine; to "The Brat," that had another talkative "lead," and even to poor old long-suffering "K'meel." Ah, that scene in "K'meel" when old Father Duval induces the tuberculous Marguerite Gautier to give up Armand and to leave him planted there!

Actors adore it. So do actresses. The former always make insinuating Pere Duvals and the latter would sooner snivel about as

K'meel than cut. This good old scene was introduced into "Manhattan" with Mother instead of Father, and with the voluble Peggish heroine instead of K'meel.

The marvel is that good plays go begging and such stuff as this actually gets produced, and NOT on the road, but right in our fastidious midst. It does seem unjust. And there is no answer. Correspondents, disgruntled, write me long letters on the subject and confidently expect elucidatory replies that I cannot give. Why are such plays as those I have mentioned produced? I can only say "Just because."

THE average audience loves to be shocked, surprised, startled, blood-curdled or titillated. This gathering of people—the sort that I call average—doesn't want an analysis of emotions; it doesn't want anything subtle or perplexing. It just hankers for obvious entertainment and moods swiftly called forth. No wonder that

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